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and produced a wicked-looking revolver. "See here, my joker," said he, "if I thought you were playing any game on us, it would be short work for you!"

"This is a strange welcome," McMurdo answered with some dignity, "for the Bodymaster of a lodge of Freemans to give to a stranger brother."

"Aye, but it's just that same that you have to prove," said McGinty, "and God help you if you fail! Where were you made?"

"Lodge 29, Chicago."

"When?"

"June 24, 1872."

"What Bodymaster?"

"James H. Scott."

"Who is your district ruler?"

"Bartholomew Wilson."

"Hum! You seem glib enough in your tests. What are you doing here?"

"Working the same as you—but a poorer job."

"You have your back answer quick enough."

"Yes, I was always quick of speech."

"Are you quick of action?"

"I have had that name among those that knew me best."

"Well, we may try you sooner than you think. Have you heard anything of the lodge in these parts?"

"I've heard that it takes a man to be a brother."

"True for you, Mr. McMurdo. Why did you leave Chicago?"

"I'm damned if I tell you that!"

McGinty opened his eyes. He was not used to being answered in such fashion, and it amused him. "Why won't you tell me?"

"Because no brother may tell another a lie."

"Then the truth is too bad to tell?"

"You can put it that way if you like."

"See here, Mister, you can't expect me, as Bodymaster, to pass into the lodge a man for whose past he can't answer."

McMurdo looked puzzled. Then he took a worn newspaper cutting from an inner pocket. "You wouldn't squeal on a fellow?" said he.

"I'll wipe my hand across your face if you say such things to me!" cried McGinty hotly.

"You are right, Councilor," said McMurdo meekly. "I should apologize. I spoke without thought. Well, I know that I am safe in your hands. Look at that clipping."

McGinty glanced his eyes over the account of the shooting of one Jonas Pinto, in the Lake Saloon, Market street, Chicago, in the New Year week of 1874.

"Your work?" he asked, as he handed back the paper.

McMurdo nodded.

"Why did you shoot him?"

"I was helping Uncle Sam to make dollars. Maybe mine were not as good silver as his, but they looked as well and were cheaper to make. This man Pinto helped me to shove the queer—"

"To do what?"

"Well, it means to pass the dollars out into circulation. Then he said he would split. Maybe he did split. I didn't wait to see. I just killed him and lighted out for the coal country."

"Why the coal country?"

"Cause I read in the papers that they weren't too particular in those parts."

McGinty laughed. "You were first a coiner and then a murderer, and you came to these parts because you thought you'd be welcome."

"That's about the size of it," McMurdo answered.

"Well, I guess you'll go far. Say, can you make those dollars yet?"

McMurdo took half a dozen from his pocket. "Those never passed the Philadelphia mint," said he.

"You don't say!" McGinty held them to the light in his enormous hand, which was hairy as a gorilla's. "I can see no difference. Gar! you'll be a mighty useful brother, I'm thinking! We can do with a bad man or two among us, Friend McMurdo; for there are times when we have to take our own part. We'd soon be against the wall if we didn't shove back at those who are pushing us."

"Well, I guess I'll do my share of shoving with the rest of the boys."

"You seem to have a good nerve. You didn't squirm when I shoved this gun at you."

"It was not me that was in danger."

"Who then?"

"It was you, Councilor." McMurdo drew a cocked pistol from the side pocket of his peajacket. "I was covering you all the time. I guess my shot would have been as quick as yours."

"By Gar!" McGinty flushed an angry red, and then burst into a roar of laughter. "Say, we've had no such holy terror come to hand this many a year. I reckon the lodge will learn to be proud of you. . . . Well, what the hell do you want? And can't I speak alone with a gentleman for five minutes but you must butt in on us?"

The bartender stood abashed. "I'm sorry, Councilor, but it's Ted Baldwin. He says he must see you this very minute."

To be continued next Sunday.

am often amused to see my husband run the cleaner over his desk in search of stray specks of dust before he seats himself at his work. It was my aim, in this day of the domestic servant question, so to minimize work that one or two servants at most would be all I should need.

"I also designed my own shower bath. You know most shower baths flow entirely from the top, and you cannot use them without a head wetting. Now I often come in from a drive or from shopping, in a hurry to go to a dinner or reception or some other social function, and have no time to wait for my hair to dry. So I set my wits to work to invent a movable shower only shoulder high, and I can now have my bath with my hair in perfect order."

"Another thing, I desired a place to keep my belongings that would not necessitate taking down half a dozen dresses to find the one I wanted. So instead of closets I had these wardrobes built into the wall. In this compartment I keep my suits; in this my house gowns; in this my evening gowns; in this my cloaks; in this my gloves; in this my hats. Everything is placed so that I can put my hand on it in the dark, if necessary."

"My sun parlor, with its much discussed fireplace, and its tiled floor which only needs the hose turned on it to keep it clean, I meant to have as sunshiny as possible. Instead of the usual dull double shades, I ordered glazed chintz in American Beauty roses. Now look!"

IT was a cloudy winter day. A big log was burning in the wide fireplace, and the flames flickered gleefully round the walls; but as the hostess of the charming home half drew the shades, behold the land of snow was forgotten, for on three sides of the large room bloomed a tangle of crimson roses!

Old colonial furniture—four-poster canopied bedsteads 125 years old and a grandfather's clock that antedates them by fifty years, match the colonial design of the house. Charming as it is in construction and arrangement, it is doubly charming in the spirit of hospitality and camaraderie that breathes in every corner.

Mrs. Dunk is Detroit born, a graduate of Wells College; but it was at Lasell Seminary in Boston, that old school of the home arts, which graduated its first class in 1822, and is today teaching its students by practical example how to make and keep a home, that the first direction was given to the home-making faculty.

But it is not alone as a home builder that Mrs. Dunk has shown her greatest efficiency. As the first and only president of the Detroit Housewives' League, she proved herself a forceful and capable leader. For a period of eight months 2,500 women looked to her for guidance in the fight against the high cost of living. The milk question, the market question, the question of the sanitation of shops and groceries, she attacked with the same fearlessness that she displayed in the construction of her home. Possessed of unusual personal magnetism and, what is even more potent in its influence upon mankind, a democracy of good feeling, she rallied an enthusiastic band of women about her to forward the work of the league.

Her attack on the Milk Trust led to a summons before a grand jury. She not only met the combined forces with a resourcefulness that proved her mastery of the situation, but achieved the signal victory of bringing lowered prices a month earlier than had been the custom of the milk dealers.

MRS. DUNK has been made a deputy food inspector, the only woman in Michigan, if not in the United States, to be accorded the honor. She is also chairman of the home economics department of the City Federation of Clubs, secretary of the animal welfare committee of the Twentieth Century Club, the largest and most progressive club in the city, and president and State chairman of the Housewives' League.

It was while serving her first term as president of the league that Mrs. Dunk displayed the Napoleonic courage and never failing optimism that have made her more than locally noted. Owing to the defection of a few, who turned the name of the league into a covering for their own purposes, the league as a whole was made to bear a load of unjust calumny. So heavy, indeed, was the load that not a few made the prophecy that the league was doomed to die an unhonored death. Mrs. Dunk, however, refused to listen to the croakings of despair. Resolutely she rallied the scattered forces of the league, reorganized them on a solid business basis, and today has the satisfaction of knowing that, while she takes a needed rest, every detail of the league's business is left in competent hands, and is building up a comprehensive and efficient organization of housewifery in Detroit and several of the larger cities of Michigan.

WORTH WHILE FOLK: A HOUSEKEEPING SCIENTIST

By BIRCH ARNOLD

IT is not every unprofessional woman who can plan the construction of a unique colonial house of thirteen rooms and carry out her own ideas despite the objections of professional architects who declared the design impracticable. Such was the initial effort in business efficiency of Mrs. Edith W. Dunk of Detroit, president of the Detroit Housewives' League for the second term.

There were some features that Mrs. Dunk desired in her home which the architects declared impossible of construction. Chief of these was a fireplace in the living room, in the sun parlor, and the den in the basement, with only one chimney for the three. Other features were a long row of windows between hall and dining room, a kitchen in front, no back door, and sunny exposure in all rooms. Today the house stands, with its several specified features, a veritable receptacle of all the sunshine the day vouchsafes.

The long row of windows between the hall and the dining room, eight in number, can be opened at will, bringing a most delightful current of air through the lower part of the house. French doors from the dining room into the living room and breakfast room and a large bay window to the south make the dining room, with its vistas of lawn and garden, almost an out-of-door refectory. This was the purpose of its designer, who has most original ideas upon the subject of dining and homemaking in general.

"I did not want my house to be the usual woman killer, as are so many of the large houses of today," said Mrs. Dunk in commenting upon the peculiar arrangement of the rooms. "I had the kitchen placed in front, so that the maid could readily answer the telephone and adjust the switchboard to the 'phones in all the other rooms. The butler's pantry, over which I spent many an anxious moment, has a compartment for every utensil used in cooking. Each in its own place saves time—and saving time is one of my hobbies."



Edith W. Dunk.

From the kitchen a short spiral stairway leads to the maid's room above; another to the side entrance and thence to the den below, where the maid entertains her friends.

In the basement there is an immense vacuum cleaner operated by electricity. Every room has its plug in the baseboard, and in the hall is the closet holding the cleaner for each story. The entire house can be cleaned in short order, and with very little labor. "Indeed," said Mrs. Dunk, "I

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